

## The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commanding General, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918.

### CELEBRATING ARIGHT

Not with drums and trumpets and salvos of artillery and oratory are we, over here, celebrating the anniversary of America's entry into the war. We are celebrating it with a dedication of ourselves, through our Commander-in-Chief's offer to the High Command, "for all we have and are," to the great task of helping our Allies drive back the invader. We're going to be in it, and to put into it all we know how to put into it. That is celebrating aright.

A glorious privilege lies before us. It goes without saying that we will make the most of it. For our second year of the war there could be no more inspiring inception than this: An American Army, trained and eager, going forward in concert with the representatives of our two great sister democracies, to meet the Hun upon the plains of Picardy.

The eyes of the world are upon us. Forward—forward for the right! As it is written, so shall it be:

"Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

### AS BAD AS THAT?

The Y.M.C.A. has established an enlisted men's hotel in Paris. It provides beds with sheets, baths in real tubs, a library, a billiard room, the only American boot-black stand discovered in France, a canteen where American women serve ice cream and lemonade, an entertainment hall with frequent movie shows. It is a little bit of home, and the tired soldier from the trenches or training camp is wont to wonder if it isn't also just a little bit of heaven.

And the dining room! Your mess sergeant ought to see it. It is comfortable and pleasing, as only Parisian dining rooms can be. Electric lights in cut glass chandeliers, mirrors, plush seated chairs and cushioned seats along the walls in which you sink six inches or three feet or thereabouts. Everything is ideal except—on every officer in the room, on every panel of the wall is this glaring sign:

"Rooms must be PAID FOR IN ADVANCE and meals WHEN SERVED."

After reading these, one gets a mental picture of a soldier shivering down the fire escape to evade room rent, or sneaking out of the door to avoid payment of his dinner check. We were just wondering if it is as bad as that.

### SACRIFICE

Every once in a while you will meet a man in this rising young Army who, having sacrificed much to don the olive drab, feels that he did his bit when he enlisted and that little more—certainly little more initiative can be decently expected of him. He seems vaguely to labor under the impression that General Pershing will eventually recognize that heroic mood he was in on the day of enlistment and will gratefully reward his sacrifice. Unconsciously and it is human of him—he measures his value to the Army not by what he brought to it, but by what he left behind him. "I only regret," he almost seems to say, "that I have but one life to begrudge to my country."

But the Army cannot recognize that kind of sacrifice. If that were the measure, we are all in much the same boat. Nearly every one of us gave up something—pretty dear when, for the best reason in the world, we left the best country in the world behind us. Perhaps it was a two-year-old boy; perhaps it was a million-dollar home on the Sound. Maybe it was only a hope. But the man who sacrifices everything to become a slack and indifferent soldier has done nothing to make his country incoherent with gratitude. After all, the only kind of sacrifice worth mentioning in the Army is the kind that Sergeant Peterson made the other day under the fire of the German guns. The only kind of soldier likely to cause the Kaiser any embarrassment at all is the kind whose passion for service burns undiminished, not till the hour of enlistment, but till the hour he is killed or mustered out.

### THE SALVATION ARMY

Perhaps, in the old days when war and your home town seemed as far apart as Paris, France, and Paris, Ill., you were a superior person who used to sneer when you passed a street corner where a small Salvation Army band was holding forth. Perhaps—Heaven forgive you—you even sneered a little when you heard the bespectacled sister in the yoke bonnet bang her tambourine and raise a shrill voice to the strains of "Oh, death, where is thy sting-a-ling." Probably—unless you yourself had known the bitterness of one who finds himself alone, hungry and homeless in a big city—you did not know much about the Salvation Army.

Well, we are all homeless over here and every American soldier will take back with him a new affection and a new respect for the Salvation Army. Many will carry with them the memories of a cheering word

and a friendly cruller received in one of the huts nearest of all to the trenches. There the old slogan of "Soup and Salvation" has given way to "Pies and Piety." It might be "Doughnuts for Doughboys." These huts, pitched within the shock of the German guns, are ramshackle and bare and few, for no organization can grow rich on the pennies and nickels that are tossed into tambourines at the street corners of the world. But they are doing a work that the soldiers themselves will never forget, and it is an especial pleasure to say so here, because the Salvation Army, being much too simple and old-fashioned to know the uses of advertisement, have never asked us to. You, however, can testify for them. Perhaps you do in your letters home. And surely when you are back there and you pass once more a "meeting" at the curb, you will not sneer. You will tarry a while—and take off your hat.

### DOMINIES AND DOUGHBOYS

One of the benefits to arise from this war is going to be the knowledge that the average parson (meaning the lucky parson in khaki) will gain about the average soldier (meaning the average man). This knowledge will do the parson a world of good. In the light of that knowledge, he may be able, in turn, to do a world of good to the average man—in time.

What that knowledge will consist of largely depends upon the parson himself, and the viewpoint he takes in dealing with his difficult job. Taking it by and large, though, it is safe to say that if the parson is a "regular guy" at heart, he will learn that the average man has an awful lot more good in him than the whole brood of parsons (and those who train parsons) ever suspected; and that the average man is a lot more responsive to the things of the spirit—though in his own way—than the average parson could have dreamed possible.

The parson will learn, too, that it is not always the man, say, who curses the worst who is bound for perdition. He will have seen that same man comfort children frightened by bombardment, with the tenderness and skill which their own mothers could not bring to bear. He will have seen that same man go out and rescue a wounded comrade under fire. He may see that man pay the supreme sacrifice without a whimper. And, having seen all that, the parson will be mighty lenient in judging that man on little scores.

Cussing, of course, isn't to be condoned for a minute—by parsons or anybody else. But the point is that the parson will get down to bed rock in his appraisal of men, and not spend too much time fussing about their exterior embellishments. When he gets down there, the doughboy can understand the dominie. The former will lose his distrust for the latter and the latter will lose his skepticism about the former. And what can be fairer than that?

### WATCH YOUR LETTERS

That familiarity breeds contempt crops up even in our letter writing. Unless he has kept his ears stuffed and his eye blindfolded, every member of the A.E.F. should by this time be familiar with the rules on censorship. Yet violations still occur. Some men seem to forget the rules, or at least to grow more careless in applying them, in direct ratio to their familiarity with them.

Bear in mind that those rules are formed on experience, the experience of all our Allies—and even of our enemies—during four years of incessant warfare. Their purpose is not to keep news from your friends at home, but to keep useful items from the ears of the enemy. Without in the least violating those rules or helping the enemy, you can tell the people at home anything of real interest to them, everything except pandering to their idle curiosity.

After all, the purpose of censorship, of the labors of your company officers and of the Base Censor, is to save your lives—it is up to you to co-operate in that effort if you are interested in saving them, and in winning the war.

### POLITICS PUT AWAY

Partisan politics, the dispatches from the States inform us, is now a thing of the past. The minority party in Congress no longer obstructs simply for the sake of obstructing, but constructs—constructs for the sake of obstructing Germany. The acid test applied to every measure that comes up is not, "Was it introduced by a Democrat, by a Republican, by a Progressive, by a Prohibitionist, by a Socialist, or by an Independent?" but the far simpler and surer one, "Will it, if passed, help to win the war?"

That news is most encouraging to us over here, most heartening and refreshing. The first thing we realized when we landed here was that we would have plenty to do in fighting Germany without fighting among ourselves. We have stuck to the preparation for the former task, and let the latter alone. And, with the people in the States behind us following the same plan of action, all Potsdam can't stop us!

### LETTERS—AND LETTERS

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, of Parnassus, South Norwalk, Conn., and way stations, in the course of an article on "The Art of Letter Writing," in a recent number of *Munsey's Magazine*, has this to say:

"If only some confidant of the soldiers at the front, or of the girls they left behind them, could be allowed to select from what one might call the soldiers' and sweethearts' mail, and print a wee hint of what he found, I think that probably we should have, for use and for all the future, the most poignant volume of love-letters ever printed for the faith and comfort of human hearts. It would probably, I think, be the most heart-breaking book in existence; but how full it would be of reassurance that the one elemental force and confidence of the earth remains indestructible, against all the mechanisms of atheism!"

Heart-breaking? Don't you believe it, Mr. Le Gallienne! Our girls don't send us "sob-stuff," they send us cheer and joy in their letters. In return we try to send cheer and joy back to them.

Anyway, please, PLEASE don't try to get into our mail-bags. We have trouble enough as it is getting the letters sent us from across the ocean. Let the present, and posterity, too, wait until we can get back and edit our letters ourselves.

## The Listening Post

### GIRLS I'VE LEFT BEHIND

ELIZABETH  
Lady of whom I am bereft,  
Whose features cross mine errant mind,  
Fairest of all the girls I left  
Behind.

We had, we twain, a snappy time;  
We had our days of red-romance.  
You're somewhere in Wisconsin; I'm  
In France.

To stall has never been my wont,  
My way is blunt, my words are true.  
Miss you? Don't ever think I don't.  
I do.

I miss you, O my dear. And yet  
I still must suffer and be strong  
Without you, Bessie. I shall get  
Along.

For, though I thought a lot of you,  
You used to get me hopping, I'd,  
When you would telephone: "Guess who  
This is."

That trick, my lady, o'er the sea,  
I could not stand in any June.  
In brief, my Bessie, it gave me  
A pain.

This is the object of my rhyme,  
My Bessie for whom once I burned:  
Fuss some one else as far as I'm  
Concerned.

Not that doubt as to the essential greatness  
Of the French cause was entertained by this  
Howitzer of Hilarity. But we never really  
knew the uttermost genius of the people until  
last night at a dinner. The French do something  
to even a parsnip that makes it taste  
like food.

BLESS HIM!  
A glint we like  
Is Freddie Flizz;  
He never bleats:  
"I'll say it is."

There were a lot of authors in Paris during  
the air raids, and some of them unconsciously  
gravitated toward the six best cellars.

### THINGS WE USED TO BEEF ABOUT

The size of the hunk of ice-cream they put  
in our crushed strawberry ice-cream soda.  
And here is where I think it only right that  
I should trill a  
Few notes to thee, my favorite drink. O  
Frosted Sarsaparilla!

Most of us never see the home papers any  
more, but the odds are 10 to 3 that these are  
some of the headlines we are missing about  
now:

WAR FORCED ON GERMANY, SAYS  
KAISER  
COHNS HOMER WINS FORTIGERS  
TEACH CHOP RUINED BY FROST  
McGRAW SAYS ELIS HAVE GREAT  
TEAM

MISS BURSTEIN NARS NET TITLE  
NOT A CANDIDATE, SAYS HEARST  
Any other suggestions?

### "I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT"

Marguerite, you never write me,  
Never knit the sportive sock.  
Though the vermal breezes bite me  
And the gaseous zephyrs bite me,  
Never line of cheer you send me,  
Never smokes of any brand  
Though the god of war may bend me,  
Like a cruller in his hand.

One year back it was not so, Peg:  
Sure you liked to have me 'round.  
For we took in many a show, Peg,  
And went sailing on the Sound.  
You were always game for dances,  
And for films full of scope.  
Since my regiment in France is  
You are off'n me for keeps!

How explain your interest lagging  
When the war is all the rage?  
True, khaki is not glad-ragging  
And we cannot view the stage  
As we used to. (sad sighs heave I)  
Hah! I think I have a clue:  
Strike me blind! I don't believe I  
Yet have sent a line to you!

Roz.

It takes all kinds of warriors to comprise  
a great army, including the doughboy who  
asked for some hotlers and a calendar when  
he took out his War Risk Insurance.

TUNE: "I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS"  
I cannot spring the old rags,  
Not that I don't know how;  
But I cannot pull the old stuff—  
I'm in the Army now.

Our notion of a preferred fire insurance  
risk is the average brigant.

### "THAT COMIC LOOKING CAP"

A mother sat one morning out in Quincy,  
Illinois:  
Her thoughts were fondly turning to her far-  
off soldier boy.  
She said, "I wonder where he is, my own,  
my darling Joe!"

I only know he's somewhere with the well-  
known A.E.F.

Just as those poignant words she said, a letter  
was delivered:

A photograph dropped from it. "Oh, who  
can that be?" she shivered.

"He used to be a snappy boy, a handsome  
looking chap."

But he doesn't look like a son of mine in that  
fuzzy funny cap."

"He used to be so pretty."

Did the subject of this ditty,  
Before he wore that comic looking cap.

He was such a handsome kid  
Before he wore that lid—

Now I cannot bear to look upon his map!"

The Listening Post is requested to state that  
those golf-stick insignia are reports, the in-  
signia of the chemical corps. "A man came  
up to me the other day," says a chem. lieutenant,  
"and offered to give me a stroke a hole."

### FRANCE FLICKERINGS

"Ye scribe had a French hair cut last  
Saturday and is doing as well as could be  
expected."

"A second lie, who used to be tennis  
champion of the U.S. is engaged to be married.  
Looks like a love set, hey?"

"Several of the overseas caps are adorning  
the heads of our boys. Well, it is the war, as  
our Allies so well say."

"Our circ. mgr. is a busy man these ele-  
gant spring days."

"Orphan-adopting is the order of the day."

### "AND THE ONLY TUNE"

Tom, Tom, the corporal gay,  
Sings all night and half the day:  
But the only tune that he can steer  
Is: "Oh, boy, where do we go from here?"

Weber and Fields, like the patriotic Ameri-  
cans they are, have discarded their old  
Boche dialect. By Chove, Meyer, did you  
never?

Apparently Chauffeur Hindenburg hasn't  
read the Allied traffic regulations.

He thought he was on a one-way street.  
P. F. A.

## FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS WILL SUPPORT HIM FOR A YEAR



## A FIELD NOTE BOOK

### MOTHER MARIE'S WELCOME

When the Huns broke into Mother Marie's  
cottage, she was tending three wounded  
French soldiers. The Huns ordered her to  
get out.

"Will you take care of my *poilus*?" she  
pleaded.

"No."

"Then I must," she insisted.

She tended them three days and nights,  
then the Huns put her under guard for dis-  
obeying orders.

Last week she was repatriated. The rela-  
tives of the men whose lives she had helped  
to save met her at the station and gave her a  
royal welcome.

She is going back in a few days from Paris  
to her old home. When she gets there, she  
will find the houses rebuilt and refurbished,  
and a notice about a *croix de guerre* on the  
parlor table.

### PRECIOUS SCARS

We were sitting in the inn courtyard of the  
Pink Owl in Beauville.

"Some day," my friend observed, "the  
scars on these walls will be of real commercial  
value."

"Why?"

"Because tourists from America will flock  
here: some of them ex-A.E.F. men, some of  
them the folks back home who now so eagerly  
are poring over the war news. The Pink Owl  
has 19 scars, disfigurements now, but after  
the war every one of them will do its bit to  
attract the attention and the trade of the  
romantic-minded tourist."

Sounds highly probable, doesn't it?

### "STRIPERS"

When you see an American naval officer  
strolling around town and you want to know  
his rank, don't look for the indication of it on  
his shoulders or his collar, but count the  
stripes on his sleeve. In nautical circles, an  
ensign, corresponding to a second lieutenant  
in the army, is a "one stripper." A lieutenant,  
junior grade, who ranks with an army  
first lieutenant, is a "one-and-a-half-stripper."

And so on up the line. A "two stripper"  
(lieutenant, senior grade) rates with the  
army's captains; a "two-and-a-half stripper"  
with majors. A commander is a "three  
stripper," a captain (equivalent to colonel) a  
"four stripper."

### ENCORE TIPPERARY

One still hears "Tipperary" being sung  
near the front as a marching song. Yet the  
British ceased to sing it long ago, and the  
Americans haven't revived it. Then who does  
sing it? The *poilus*. What is more, they  
render it in English. Not more than half  
of them know what it means, but that mat-  
ters little. For it is an evidence in music  
of the brotherhood of the Allies—and that  
means considerable.

### WAR-TIME SEE-SAWS

The Tommies describe those big belts of  
steel that are sawed in half to make arched  
roofs for dugouts as "elephant iron." The  
French gamin describes them as "rockers."  
Whenever two youths of France discover one  
of these half sections on its back with the  
ends sticking up, they balance a plank across  
it and merrily proceed to see-saw.

### VARIETIES OF SLUM

Everyone knows that there are at least  
three different kinds of slum—the watered  
kind, the more solid variety and the occa-  
sional special sort that wears a pie-crust.  
The Marines describe these three types in  
sea-lingo: "slum with the tide in," "slum  
with the tide out," and "slum with an over-  
coat."

### UGHT TO BE VIVACIOUS

Our artillerymen always have nicknames  
for the guns they serve. The French go us  
one better. They have names—formally  
printed on the gun barrels. One of the most  
highly descriptive caught our eye on the road  
up to the front the other day. It was  
christened "Gaby."

### HOW PUDGY LIKED IT

Fair, fat and past 40 is this secretary  
of the Red Triangle. Has the smile that  
won't come off. Every doughboy within miles  
around the hut knows him and likes his  
cheery personality. That is why, perhaps,

## "SOUL OF THE DOUGHBOY" IN PRINT

(From the "Philadelphia Press," March 10, 1918)

In homes throughout the United States  
which are distinguished by the familiar ser-  
vice flag can be found these days copies of a  
newspaper which is far removed from pink tea  
journalism, a newspaper which breathes the  
civic breath of American battlefields in Eu-  
rope, whether they be those of cooties-filled  
dugouts, mud-filled trenches, or mental battle-  
fields on which the French language lies more  
or less murdered by American tongues and  
noses.

It is THE STARS AND STRIPES, the offi-  
cial newspaper of the American Expeditionary  
Forces. It contains in its pages cartoons, edi-  
torials, news and verse which exhibit the  
clean, rough, stout-hearted soul of the dou-  
ghboy abroad. It is published by doughboys and  
written by doughboys, with the exception of  
news cabled from America or London, or con-  
tributed by staff correspondents of American  
newspapers in France.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is in existence  
to keep the Amer force as well informed about  
events in France and the United States as are  
the folks in "Homeburg," and to chronicle  
the hopes and longings of men who for the  
first time in history have become foreigners—  
for until you read the French advertisements  
in the publication you do not realize that  
thousands of Americans who have called all  
the world foreign have now assumed that role  
themselves.

The paper is published weekly. A copy  
dated "France, Friday, February 15,  
1918," which has come to the Phila-  
delphia Press, is only eight pages long.  
But there is no negligible persiflage in  
it. There is persiflage, but it has an under-  
tone which hints feelings that can be expressed  
only in persiflage, as the depths of the ocean  
are topped with foam. And for this reason  
there is more in those eight pages (every one  
of which is as compelling to the attention as a  
renewed declaration of war, or a new draft  
of the Declaration of Independence written by

an entire people), than there is in many  
volumes of "war speeches" made after din-  
ner.

The copy at hand is the second number of  
Volume I, which is to be added to the suc-  
ceeding numbers "published every Friday, be-  
ginning February 8, 1918, for the duration of  
the war."

Poetry which has filled the heart of an  
American—

"Waitin' and watchin' and won'tin'  
If the Hun's comin' over tonight—"

from the fire-step of a trench, tops an article  
on the sinking of the *Tuscania*, which shows  
the inmost soul of Uncle Sam's Army. The  
only two-column story on the front page is  
not cluttered with the raving of a Vardaman.  
It is an illuminating article on the care of  
feet, plain feet, flat feet, feet with bunions,  
and every sort of foot which are not just the  
sort of feet which will do the prosaic duty of  
helping idealistic America whip the material-  
istic Hun. It isn't gripping reading for a politi-  
cian. But this newspaper is not written for  
politicians. It is written for the men who  
have taken a "stand" for the Government—  
on their own hiked-tired feet.

There is a picture of an American soldier,  
topped with the helmet which has superseded  
the obsolete campaign hat. And underneath  
is an article which pleads for a title for that  
soldier—any title which is appropriate—but  
not "Sammy," or "Johnny," or any other  
rhapsodic nickname.

On the inside pages are words which pul-  
sate with noble purpose, and short sentences  
which are redolent of sweat-soaked khaki, of  
mud-covered shoes, of night-tired eyes and  
sore feet—things which are not written of  
except when real men write. These American  
men don't get cold feet figuratively, but they  
get them actually. They don't get sore heads,  
but they get sore muscles. And they don't  
camouflage the fact. Discomfort likes com-  
pany, as well as misery. THE STARS AND  
STRIPES is company.

### WHAT YOU THINK OF US

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

A distinct success is mild praise for this  
journalistic enterprise. Its greatest strength  
lies in its ability to transport the reader "over  
there" for at least a few moments.

Pvt. P. B. HARRINGTON.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Copies of your splendid paper have reached  
our camp and the men are delighted with its  
appearing and appearance. They have already  
taken a number of subscriptions.

L. J. DARTER, Sec. Y.M.C.A.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

The editors sure have spizzierinkum and  
every word of the paper is darned interesting.

Pvt. HOWARD W. BUTLER.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Your paper has the real American jump.  
Good luck!

CHARLES H. GRASY.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

This company received THE STARS AND  
STRIPES last evening. It took fine with the  
boys, and they agreed it was the next best  
thing to receiving a letter from home.

Pvt. R. H. ARMSTRONG.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Permit me to extend my sincerest appre-  
ciation of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and to  
congratulate you on the successful *début* with  
which you have brought it out. It is the snap-  
piest and most vigorous paper I have seen,  
and reflects the spirit of the A.E.F. at the  
front, in training, and en route.

Pvt. MEYER AGES.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I read with interest your recent comment on  
the "Old Subscriber," and while I may not  
be able to sign myself as such I can sign as  
"One of the First Subscribers" for I was so  
anxious to get the paper that I was one of  
four from this company that sent our sub-  
scription money to your office rather than wait  
until arrangements were made to have it sent  
to this organization in bulk.

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